

The Historie

Prin. What saist thou, mistress quickly? how doeth
band? I loue him well, he is an honest man.

Hof. Good my Lord, heare me.

Fals. Prethee let her alone, and list to me.

Prin. What saist thou, Iacke?

Fals. The other night, I fell asleepe here, behind the Arras,
and had my pocket pickt: this house is turn'd bawdy house, they
picke pockets.

Prin. What didst thou lose, Iacke?

Fal. Wilt thou beleue me, Hal? three or foure bonds of for-
eie pound a piece, and a sealing ring of my grandfathers.

Prin. A trifle, some eight pemie matter.

Hof. So I told him, my Lord, and I said, I heard your grace say
so: & my lord, he speakes most vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd
man, as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hof. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fals. There's no more faith in thee, then a stued prune, nor
no more trueth in thee, then in a drawn foxe, and for woman-
hood, maid mariō may be the deputies wife of the ward to thee.
Go, you thing, go.

Hof. Say, what thing, what thing?

Fals. What thing? why a thing to thanke God on.

Hof. I am nothing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst
know it, I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy knighthood
aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say o-
therwise.

Hof. Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?

Fals. What beast? why, an Otter.

Prince. An Otter, sir Iohn? why an Otter?

Fals. Why? thee's neither fish nor flesh, a man knowes not
where to haue her.

Hof. Thou art an vniust man, in saying so, thou or any man
knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prin. Thou sayst true, Hostesse, and hee slaunders thee most
grossely.

Hof. So he doeth you, my Lord, and sayd this other day, You

of Henry the fourth.

quilt him a thousand pound.

Prin. Sirra, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fals. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy loue is worth a
million: thou owest me thy loue.

Hof. Nay, my Lord, he cald you Iacke, and saide hee would
cudgel you.

Fals. Did I, Bardol?

Bar. Indeed, sir Iohn, you sayd so.

Fals. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Prin. I say it's copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fals. Why, Hal? Thou knowest as thou art but a man I dare,
but as thou art prince, I feare thee as I feare the roaring of the
Lions whelp.

Prin. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The king himselfe is to be feared as the Lion: doest thou
thinke ile feare thee, as I feare thy father? nay, and I doe, I pray
God my girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it should, howe would thy guts fall about thy
knees? but sirra, there's no roome for faith, trueth, nor honestie,
in this bosome of thine. It is all fill'd vp with guttes, and midriffe.
Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket? why, thou
horeson impudent imboist rascall, if there were any thing in thy
pocket, but tauerne reckonings, memorandums of bawdy hou-
les, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candie to make thee
long winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other iniuries
but these, I am a villaine; and yet you will stand to it, you wil not
pocket vp wrong: art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Doest thou heare, Hal? thou knowest in the state of inno-
cencie Adam fell, & what should poore Iacke Falstafte do in the
dayes of villanie? thou seest I haue more flesh then another man,
& therefore more frailty. You confesse the you pickt my pocket.

Prin. It appeares so by the storie.

Fal. Hostesse, I forgive thee, goe make ready breakfast, Ioue
thy husband, looke to thy seruantes, cherish thy ghests, thou
halt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pa-
cified still: nay, prethee be gone.

Exit Hostesse.

Now, Hal, to the newes at court for the robbery, lad? how is that
answered?

Prin.